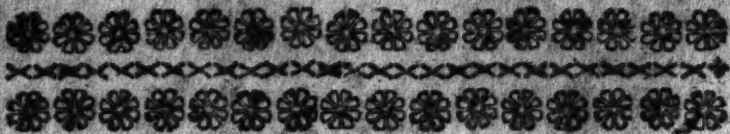


Burial.

II. Homeward Bound.



Alnwick Printed.



The Brides burial.

(To the tune of the lady's fall, &c.)

COME mourn come mourn with me,
Ye loyal lovers all;
Lament my loss in weeds of woe
whom gripping death doth thrall:
Like to the dropping vine,
cut by the gard'ner's knife,
Ev'n so my heart with sorrow slain;
Doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By death that grisly ghost,
my turtle dove is slain:
And I am left unhappy man!
to spend my days in vain.
Her beauty laid so bright,
like roses in their prime,
Is wasted like the mountains snow,
by force to Phoebus shrine.



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(3)
Her fair and roſie cheeks,
how pale and wan her eyes,
That late did ſhine like Chryſtal ſtars,
alas! their light now dies.
Her pretty lilly hands,
with fingers long and ſmall,
In colour like the earthly clay,
yea, cold and ſtiff withall.

When the morning ſtar
her golden gates had ſpread,
And that the glittering ſun aroſe
forth from fair Thetis bed;
Then did my love awake,
moſt like a lilly flower,
Fair as Diana's nymphs,
ſo look'd my lovely bride:

And as fair Helen's face,
and as the lovely queen of heaven,
So ſhone ſhe in her brower,
attired was ſhe then,
Like Flora in her pride,
gave Grecian dames the lurch;
So did my dear exceed in ſight,
all virgins in the church.

When we had knit the knot
of holy Wedlock's band,

Like alabaſter join'd to jet,
 ſo flood we hand in hand:
 Then lo! a chilling cold
 ſtruck ev'ry vital part,
 And gripping grief like pangs of death,
 ſeiz'd on my true love's heart.

Down in a ſwoon ſhe fell,
 as cold as any ſtone,
 Like Venus' picture wanting life,
 ſo was my love brought home:
 At length a roſe red,
 throughout her comely face,
 As Phebus beams with wat'ry clouds
 o'er cover'd for a ſpace.

Then with a greivous groan,
 And voice both hoarſe and dry;
 Farewell, quoth ſhe, my loving friend
 For I this day muſt die.
 The meſſenger of death,
 With golden trump I ſee,
 with many other angels more,
 Which ſound and call for me.

Inſtead of of muſic ſweet,
 go toll my paſſing bell;
 And with ſweet flowers ſrew my grave,
 that in my chamber ſmell.

Strip off my bride's array,
 my cork shoes from my feet,
 And gentle mother be not slow
 to bring my winding sheet.

My wedding dinner dress'd,
 bestow upon the poor,
 And to the hungry, blind and maim'd,
 that craveth at the door.
 Instead of virgins young,
 my bride bed for to see,
 Go cause some curious carpenter,
 to make a chest for me.

My bride laces of silk,
 bestow on maidens meet,
 May fitly serve when I am dead,
 to tie my hands and feet.
 And thou my lover true,
 my husband and my friend,
 Let me intreat thee here to stay,
 until my life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,
 and humbly on your kneec,
 Direct your prayers to God,
 and mourn no more for me.
 In love as we have liv'd,
 In love let us depart ;

And in token of my love,
Kiss thee with all my heart.

Oh! stop these bootless tears,
thy weeping is in vain;
I am not lost, for we in heaven,
shall one day meet again:
With that she turn'd aside,
as one disposed to sleep,
Like to a lamb departed life,
all friends did forely weep.

Her true love seeing this,
did fetch a grievous groan,
As though his heart would burst in two,
and thus he made his moan:
Oh dismal mournful day,
a day of grief and care,
That hath bereft the sun so high,
whose beams refresh the air.

Now we unto the world,
and all that therein dwell:
Oh that I were with her in heaven,
for here I live in hell.
And now this lover lives
a discontented life,
Whose bride was brought into the grave,
a maiden and a wife.

of lillies there were made,
In sign of her virginity,
and on her coffin laid:
Six maidens all in white,
did bear her to the ground;
The bell did ring in solemn sort,
and made a doleful sound.

In earth they laid her then,
For hungry worms a prey;
So will the fairest face alive,
at length be brought to clay.
Thus do you see by this,
How frail is life, and Grace;
Which bids us all prepare,
x For that blest'd happy place.



HOMeward BOUND.

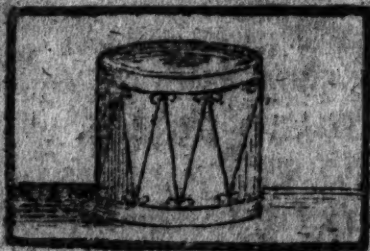
LOOSE every sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve,
I've done with the toils of the seas,
Ye sailors I'm bound to my love.

My griefs I bring all to the wind,
'Tis a pleasing return to my care
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,
What tropic bird swifter can move,
Who cruel shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
Come shipmates and join in the song,
Let's drink while the ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

F I N I S.



Stet
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